

THE  
Johnson Journal

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Commencement Issue, 1937



# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL



### HAPPINESS

The one quality which makes most for happiness is the power to make the best of one's circumstances. A person is far happier in his life if he attains that power. Relatively few people find themselves in just the circumstances which they desire. Most people have to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they find themselves. Many of them grumble and spend their time wishing they could change their circumstances by some magical power, thereby losing what happiness they could have. There is happiness to be found everywhere if people would only look for it, rather than spending their time and energy in vainly wishing themselves elsewhere.

It would be a good idea for many people to look around and count their blessings. They would be surprised at the number they find and it might make them realize how foolish it is to lose the value of a multitude of blessings while bewailing the loss of one.

Happiness is an elusive quality. A man may spend a lifetime amassing a fortune only to find that he was happier before he started. Or a man may lose all his money and find to his surprise that he is happier than ever before. There is no material thing the possession of which guarantees happiness. The only way to attain it is to take advantage of the present. Do not say, "When I get an increase in salary I shall be happy," or in any other way postpone happiness into the future. Make the best

of the present and find happiness where you are.

Lois Pitkin, '39

### EDUCATION FOR GIRLS

More students at present are furthering their education than ever before. This is possible because of the new idea of education—namely, that girls as well as boys need a good education.

Formerly it was thought the girl's education should include only those things which would make her a good housewife. She was taught how to cook, sew, and do housework. Her only aim in life was to marry and rear a family.

The new mode of education is quite different in that more women are entering the professional world every day. The women are now competitors for the men's positions, sometimes outnumbering men in some professions.

Women are quite numerous in the business world especially. There are women clerks, accountants, secretaries, and typists. There are many women doctors and of course nurses, and there are also women bacteriologists and scientists. There are women teachers in grammar schools, high schools, and colleges. The number of women lawyers and judges is increasing rapidly. The women are also entering into politics, something which women would never have thought of fifty years ago. There are now women sheriffs and senators. Women are entering in men's professions gradually until

there are only a limited number in which women are not engaged.

Girls do not think of marriage as a career but plan to enter a career in which they may earn money to support themselves and so become independent. I think this is a good method because sometimes a woman's intelligence would be lost to the world if she considered marriage as her one career. Good luck to the girl who through diligent studying furthers her education as far as possible.

Helen Daw, '37

### SPORTS FOR GIRLS

We want more sports! This is the demand made by the Johnson High School girls. There is comparatively little opportunity for the majority of the students to take part in sport as basketball is the only game played. Judging from the records of our basketball team, don't you think that the

girls could be successful in other lines of competition? The boys have the advantage because they have three varsity teams from which to choose. All students haven't the ability or the desire to participate in every sport. This is the reason why variety is needed for the girls. Then again we ought to have seasonal sports because basketball lasts only three months. What to do during the other six months? We could have a field hockey team and enter into league competition as we do in basketball. At this particular time, we should have a tennis team. This could be a league function but it would be just as beneficial and just as much enjoyment to have a tournament for the school championship.

Girls! Make your desires and ideas known so that some steps may be taken to secure year round activity.

We not only want sports, we need them badly.

Isabelle Phelan, '37



## LITERARY



### THE LEGEND OF DEN ROCK

On the outskirts of Lawrence, a city in Massachusetts, there is a phenomenon of nature. In the midst of a rather swampy lowland, huge, gray rocks rise for several hundred feet and cover a large territory. Behind these rocks, there lies a forest, and quite a way in front is a road.

It is told by the natives that, in ancient years, Indians inhabited the region adjacent to these rocks and used the caves, of which Den Rock boasts many, to store their treasures in.

Some wicked white men heard of

the treasures, and determined to rob the Indians while they were off on a hunt, and only a few helpless squaws and old chiefs remained in the village. One night, after the Indians had gone, the white men stole into the caves and were in the act of stealing the treasures when, by chance, some of the braves returned to the village and found them making away with the treasures, which had taken so long to acquire. A great fight followed and the white men were hurled, by the strong and muscular braves, to the rocks below and all were killed.



It is a belief of the natives, that every night the men come back to the rocks and wander through the caves, in search of the treasures, which they never made off with.

Horace Witherspoon, a horticulturist, who lived in North Andover, a small town near Den Rock, heard that there was a rare flower that grew in the woods at the rear of Den Rock. Determined to possess one of this rare species for his collection, he set off one warm afternoon for Den Rock with his microscope and flower books, which accompanied him on all his adventures. He spent a great part of the afternoon wandering about, stopping every now and then to investigate some pretty or odd flower and to refer to his faithful books. He kept wandering farther and farther into the woods, keeping a watchful eye for the rare flower. The sun kept sinking farther and farther in the west. Suddenly he realized how dark it was getting, and although he had not found the flower, he quickly began to retrace his footsteps. As he hurried along, all the stories about the Legend of Den Rock came to his mind. Horace was a frail, nervous type of boy and the thoughts of encountering ghosts were not pleasant to him. By the time he reached the edge of the woods it was pitch dark. He was shivering so badly that he had a hard time keeping on his large, horn-rimmed glasses and he had long before lost his microscope and books. At last he spied the rocks, but it was not only the rocks which he spied, but also white, eery creatures floating above the rocks, making weird noises and moaning cries. Horace rushed behind a tree and from there he looked on this scene with much awe and great fright. He thought to himself, "Oh, me, this will be the last of

Horace Witherspoon, if those ghosts ever catch sight of me!"

From time to time the ghosts disappeared as they entered the caves to search for the treasures. At last they came to the largest of the caves, and as Horace knew they would be in it for awhile, he made a dash for the road. He ran as no one would believe Horace could run. All the way home he felt as though some one were right behind him, chasing him, and he felt light, flimsy things touching him. At last, home! Safety! What an experience! Horace Witherspoon has not been known to search for flowers since that very eventful occasion.

Barbara Brown, '39

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#### A LEGEND OF WITCH'S HOLLOW

Witch's Hollow was a fairly large area of lowland directly south of Shaven Crown Hill in Boxford. This region extended from Stetson's Pond to Styles's Pond through the present Camp Rotary grounds. Frequently in the meadows and swamps about and between these ponds, glowing lights from the will-o-the-wisps would make dark and weird shadows. This made very convenient meeting places for the witches to plan their works of deviltry.

The people about this section were early settlers who lived very peacefully considering all their problems and Indian troubles. But in the 1790's witchcraft began. A certain doctor said that some of his patients were inhabited by devils and witches. These people were then accused by others to have bewitched some friends. These accusations multiplied and grew until it seemed almost everyone was performing some act of witchery.

During this time of odd doings

there lived a Rebecca Eames at the foot of Shaven Crown Hill. She had a small farm with a big house and barn. She had a few chickens, a dog, two cats, about six cows, and a calf. She always loved her cows and took the best care of them. Rebecca was seen more often in the barn with her cows than in the house doing the ordinary housework. Of course, she had to take care of the other animals and so came in contact with them quite a little.

One spring, Rebecca went to visit some friends in Salem. She had been living there about a week when an execution of a witch took place at Gallows Hill right near the house where she was staying. Directly after this occurrence Rebecca was said to have stuck a pin in someone's foot and the results were that she had the reputation of being bewitched. So when she came back to her farm the neighbors noticed, in a few days, that her dog howled about every half hour. The cat's eyes seemed always bulging out and had a ghastly stare in them. The chickens ran cackling about all day long. The cows seemed very restless while grazing in the pasture. Once in a while they would have a fit when they would fall down, kick up their legs, jump up again, and run wildly around. All the neighbors then came to the conclusion that she was bewitched and that she must have transferred her witchery to her beloved animals.

About two weeks after, Rebecca asked a neighbor to attend her animals while she went visiting. He seemed to get along satisfactorily, although he feared terribly the devils in the poultry and animals, until he undertook the task of driving the cows in. He took a stick and walked into the pasture to head the cows back to the barn. When they saw

him they stood still and glared at him with their weird eyes and then started to stampede toward him. He got so frightened that he ran all the way back home thinking that all the witches and cows in the country were after him. But the devilish cows did not chase after him. The little spurt of action and deviltry that came over them at that moment made them ambitious to climb to higher altitudes.

But in this haste and confusion the half-grown calf was left to its loneliness in the bushes. No one has seen it since. When the frightened neighbor told about his experience to some others around the neighborhood they stopped their work to gaze at the high hill and farm where the cows usually grazed. But when they took one glance at the peak of the hill they stopped short, full of awe, and stared with their mouths wide open. The top of the hill had no shrubbery or trees of any kind on it, which is evident from its name, Shaven Crown. The bellowing cows were galloping across the bare summit to get a good start, and then started down the steep slopes, full speed, on the east side of the hill. It seemed supernatural to see in the dusky evening, cows running as fast as they could, with their tails racing behind them in the air, and the mad shaking of their heads while their bellows resounded through the valley. That was the last and all that the neighbors wished to see of them.

Poor Rebecca was so sorry for having lost her cattle that she made her other animals more devilish than ever. Everyone feared and kept entirely away from her. About two weeks later news came that someone had last seen the cows racing down by the Rowley Landing, then swimming madly out to sea by the Rowley river. Every so often, even now,



when the fishermen come in from their trips, they tell stories of hearing the low mooing of the cows, coming from the depths of the sea. If you go down through the lowlands of Witch's Hollow on a pitch dark night when the will-o-the-wisps are glowing, you can still hear a soft moaning wail of that lonely bewitched calf calling for its mother and the rest of the herd.

Helen Greenler, '39

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### STILL HIS MOTHER'S SON

Once in the train, Mrs. Owens felt a sort of sick reaction coming over her. She had looked forward to this trip for a long time and the excitement of going made her feel this way. Dick, her only son, had written asking her to come to the college graduation exercises. She had answered saying that she was not able to come because of affairs on the farm. Afterwards matters had unexpectedly adjusted themselves and she was able to get funds enough for the trip. She had decided she would surprise him by coming to his graduation.

As the train rolled on, two well-dressed women appeared in the car and took the seat opposite her. From their conversation she soon discovered their destination was the same as her own. They talked about the graduation exercises. Mrs. Owens could not help hearing and suddenly she found herself listening intently with a sick feeling. "I feel sorry for some of the boys," said one, "who come from farms and whose impossible parents will come to spoil everything." The talk struck poor Mrs. Owens like many blows. She thought of their stylish attire and looked down at her own plain, old fashioned clothes. She looked

poor and shabby beside them. Would Dick be ashamed of her? The thought went through her like the thrust of a knife.

The train stopped, and before she knew it, she found herself on the college grounds. There was a great fete going on. The graduates and other students were escorting their friends and relatives about the campus. Grave professors and well-dressed men, handsomely dressed women and gayly dressed girls, were walking about with the young college men. Everything was bright and lively.

Mrs. Owens did not see Dick. But near her a woman as plain as herself was looking anxiously around. This woman went up to a passing student and timidly asked him something.

In a moment a smart collegian with a couple of young boys and girls came up to her. He started toward her, then frowned as he recognized her but quickly said, "Why it's you, Nanny." Then turning to the girls who were looking on wonderingly, he said, "This is my old nurse who came to see me graduate. Will you excuse me a moment?"

Then leading off his mother this young boy said in a low tone, but Mrs. Owens heard, "What do you mean by coming here looking the way you do? Do you want to disgrace me and make me the laughing stock of the school? I want you to be quiet about your being my mother."

Mrs. Owen looked at the poor mother with pity. But she quickly thought of herself. Suddenly she stopped a passing attendant and asked him if he could find Mr. Richard Owens and tell him his old nurse was waiting to see him. Dick hap-



pened to be near and the attendant told her to follow him.

"Mr. Owens, here is your old nurse to see you," said her guide.

Dick turned and saw her. For a moment her heart stood still. Then she heard Dick's voice, "My nurse, why you merry idiot, I never had a nurse. That's my little mother." The next instant she was in his arms for a bear hug.

It was a proud and happy woman who was taken all around to see everything and everybody by the star graduate (for such was Dick, the pride of the college and of his mother). The thought that Dick was still his mother's son made Mrs. Owens very happy as she went home with him.

Frances Debrowski, '38

### BABY'S COMPLAINT

Young Dr. Anderson sank wearily into the depths of his study armchair in his library. On his desk, there were some medical books and papers. As Dr. Anderson adjusted himself in the chair, he allowed himself the luxury of a sigh, a slight exhalation that seemed to carry away the last bit of energy in his body. By applying the toe of one shoe to the heel of the other, he lazily unshod one foot, and with his stockinged toe he soon dispossessed the other foot of the second unlaced boot.

There were slippers beside the chair, but to straighten up to adjust them would disturb his comfort; instead, he let his feet remain on the warm rug. He turned slightly and reached for his pipe and pouch on the smoking stand within easy reach of his arm.

As he tamped fragrant tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, he thought of his busy day—the Robinson twins with bronchial pneumonia, old Mrs.

Sweeney with her bad heart, and the appendectomy at Memorial hospital. It certainly had been a busy day. His office hours had been a long tiring routine. First he had unstripped the bandages from Joe Curran's crushed foot and examined the healing limb. Joe had been injured by a machine in the town factory. With new dressing applied and new bandages carefully wound, Joe had hobbled off. Next had come Mary Keating, the town seamstress, who was troubled about her high blood pressure. Then there had been a long procession of patients. Dr. Anderson thought of them all now as he reviewed his day from his fears for the safety of the Robinson twins to the sound advice he had given the last patient.

With his pipe packed he lifted his automatic lighter and snapped it into flame. The top strands of tobacco were beginning to redden and he drew the first whiff of soothing smoke. Just then the phone rang. For the moment as if in protest, he did nothing. Again the phone rang—a peremptory summons. Still he did nothing. But before the third ring, he stirred himself into action, had padded quickly across his study in his stockinged feet and snatched the receiver.

His short-clipped professional "Hello" was met midway by a mother's pleading cry: "Oh, come, Doctor, at once. My baby is strangely ill."

It was Mrs. Moore. The sound of her voice told him that hurry was important.

"I'll come right away," he promised.

His laziness and comfort were forgotten now. Quickly, his fingers loosened the laces of his boots, and he drew them on, tightening the laces again.

His stethoscope was on the study table. He crammed it into the mouth of his bag, pulled the zipper shut, put on his hat and coat and fled from the house.

A moment later, he had swung open the door of the garage, had tossed his bag onto the seat of the car and followed it. Under his foot, the starter whirled the motor into action. With a deft twist of the driving wheel, he turned the car as he backed from the garage and went sailing out of the driveway, the tiny pebbles whispering in his wake.

Mechanically he drove, his thoughts far ahead. As usual on these night calls, he tried to summon his best medical knowledge to meet the emergency.

The Moores heard the approach of the car. Moore, a young bookkeeper in the factory, swung open the door as he came up the steps.

Quickly he was led into the bedroom. There was Mrs. Moore bent over the cradle of tiny Mary, the couple's first-born and the first child that Dr. Anderson had brought into the world, when he had set up his practice in the little village six months before.

Mrs. Moore was frantic; the father little better hiding his grave concern. The baby was still squalling, but her cries were rapidly exhausting the infant's strength.

"What can be the matter?" the mother moaned. "Oh, my baby."

With his stethoscope hanging from his ears, the doctor bent over the cradle. His practiced fingers rapidly went over the body; he applied the stethoscope here and there. Studiously he listened through the sounding tubes to the sounds which came to his ears. Patiently he continued, asking what the child had eaten, how long she had been crying, seeking

methodically a hint of the trouble.

Then he began to probe in the child's mouth. Suddenly he straightened up and smiled.

"I have it," he said, his face lighting up with his enthusiasm.

"Look, see for yourself," and he brought the light closer. He drew back the child's lower lip. There was a reddening of the gum, and peeping just above it was the child's first tooth.

Deftly, Dr. Anderson dug into his bag and extracted a vial of paregoric. He patted a little of the tincture on the baby's gum. The crying ceased, and the child soon drifted off to sleep.

Rita Roche, '38

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### I KIDNAP MYSELF

I've always wanted to vanish mysteriously. I have often thought it would be fun. When I read in the paper that a man had kidnapped himself to get the ransom, I decided to do it too. I didn't care about the ransom, but I did want to see my name in big, black, screaming headlines.

I planned it as a certainty about two weeks in advance, but I began to save up my money for supplies way back in the winter. For Mothers' Day I bought a wonderful box of chocolates, but Mother never saw it. I took everything I liked best—cake, candy, and fancy cookies, mostly. I stole a blanket from my bed in case the nights grew cold.

As for the place I was to hide, I knew that, from the moment I first thought of kidnapping myself. Near our house was an old saw-mill. It was slowly falling to pieces. They'd look there, of course, but I might get in through one of the loose boards on the floor.

One afternoon I went down and



found a window just above the ground. It was dusty and cobwebby. No one could see through it. I could nail down the boards above. Detectives in stories always find and lift up the loose boards of the floor. It would be much safer to use the window.

One Saturday I was left home alone. I knew that that was the time. Hastily I gathered up my supplies. Perhaps I had better muss up the kitchen. I tipped a chair over and threw the dish-cloths on the floor. That wasn't very effective, but it would do. I went down cellar and slipped out the cellar door. If anyone saw me, the game was up.

I crept over to the lilac bush on my hands and knees. I couldn't see anyone, but I couldn't tell whether they saw me or not. It was easier after that. Behind the garage the path that led to the meadow began. It wound through a meadow covered with the young growth that had sprung up in two years and now reached over my head. No one could see me there. When I had turned almost a complete circle—paths are like that—I finally came in sight of the mill. I ran the last few yards and came out by my hiding place.

You've seen other old mills. They sag down in one side, and border on stagnant ponds. This one did. I opened the window and crawled in. It was dark there. I could see only dimly. I spread the blanket on the ground and began to read a magazine I had brought with me. I knew every story, article, and advertisement in that magazine by heart that evening. I had a lovely time, with the candy at my side and in my mouth.

In the evening I began to repent of my action. I could hear the tree toads and crickets singing outside.

The mosquitoes made a mosquito-line for my flashlight, and I suffered accordingly. I tried to go to sleep, but I lay awake for hours, I'm sure, just listening to the noises of the night. I must have fallen asleep sometime, for a light on my face woke me with a start.

"A dame!" said an unpleasant voice.

I looked up. There stood a man—you know how the regular crook always looks—with a flashlight turned on me. Behind him came another man, dressed neatly, and with a small package in his hand.

"What'll we do to her, Boss?"

"We'll get her out of the way."

Gangsters! Were they going to kill me? My heart sank. Why had I picked this night, of all nights?

The taller of the two men—the regular crook—prodded me with his foot. I got up. Something shiny was in his hand. I followed him obediently. He climbed out of the window; I followed. The neatly dressed one followed me. I was conducted to a very new and shiny car. There I was gagged, and my hands were tied. I was dumped into the back seat. The neatly dressed man started the car.

We were speeding through familiar places. Dark objects came rushing at us, and slid away quietly. We passed the roads I knew. The cool air rushed at me. I was very cold. Then I felt the car strike some obstruction. The back rose into the air. I was thrown out.

I landed in the gutter, a foot away from a jagged piece of glass. Suddenly I saw hundreds and thousands of policemen running towards me. I learned later that I had been kidnapped by dope smugglers, and that that was a trap to catch them. They were tried for kidnapping me, and were convicted, but that was later.

I had my publicity all right. The grass was worn off our front lawn by the reporters, and my name screamed in headlines across the paper, too. Best of all, I got out of a week's homework. But I'll never try it again. It's never good to try the same thing twice. Next time, I'll—wait and see.

Virginia Carvell, '39

### THE GHOSTS OF LAKE COCHICHEWICK

The following tale was told me by an old man who said it had been handed down from father to son in his family along with an old Indian necklace supposed to have been Daughter of the Sun's.

Many years ago, before the white man came to America, when Indians inhabited the region around Lake Cochichewick there lived a young brave known as Rushing Waters. He was very brave and handsome and was secretly admired by all the Indian maidens. However, Rushing Waters was in love with a very beautiful maiden from a neighboring village known as "Daughter of the Sun." Many braves admired Daughter of the Sun but she preferred Rushing Waters, as he was the bravest of them all.

Daughter of the Sun's father was a chief and he was cruel to his people. The Great Spirit warned him again and again but he would not mend his ways. He had a soft spot in his heart for his daughter and he loved her greatly, but even she could not make him change.

At last the Great Spirit grew very angry. One autumn day came the wedding feast of Rushing Waters and Daughter of the Sun. All was joyful and merry at the feast until suddenly, as if by magic, the sky clouded and

grew dark. The sun was obscured and ominous peals of thunder were heard in the distance, coming nearer and nearer until they were directly overhead. The people were paralyzed with terror. Children cried aloud in fear and dogs grew strangely quiet and cowered close to their masters with their tails between their legs. Then—a terrible voice, issuing from the heavens, was heard saying, "Chief Wampoonet, you have disobeyed my commands and now you will be punished. Take your daughter, place her in a canoe on the lake, and bid her good-bye for you will never see her again."

The chief pleaded for his daughter's life in vain. The voice said only, "Do as I say." Rushing Waters was crazed, but his pleas also were in vain. Finally in desperation he said, "Let me die with her that we may be together always."

The Great Spirit granted the boon and Rushing Waters and Daughter of the Sun embarked in a canoe. There was no need to paddle, for it went of its own accord as if some unseen force were behind it. Suddenly when it was a distance out it disappeared and for an instant there was nothing there but water. Then a great mist arose over the lake and shaped itself into the figures of Rushing Waters and Daughter of the Sun, hovered an instant in that form and then rose to the sky, merging into the clouds. Immediately the clouds broke up; the thunder became fainter and fainter until it disappeared. Dogs barked once more and children forgot their fear. The chief grieved over the loss of his daughter but he had learned his lesson and he never abused his people again.

However, since then, many people have reported seeing the large misty figures of an Indian brave and a



maiden rising out of the lake during a thunder storm and it is believed by most that they are the ghosts of Rushing Waters and Daughter of the Sun.

Lois Pitkin, '39

### THE LONE HORSEMAN

The sun had set behind the hill,  
And all the gulley's sound was still,  
When one black horse came into sight.

Galloping! Galloping! Galloping on!  
Disturbing all peace, so begone, so begone!

Still he is galloping, galloping on!

He stopped his horse at the mountain rill,  
Until the steed had drunk his fill,  
Then off again he went in flight.

Galloping! Galloping! Galloping on!  
Close are the troopers; be gone, so be gone!

Go, quickly galloping, galloping on!

Virginia Carvell, '39

### A STORM ON THE LAKE

The angry waves are rushing on the shore.

They speak in accents crushing to the shore.

The grey to white is breaking on the sand,

An angry protest making to the land.

I hear the waters slapping at the wharves,

No quiet gentle tapping on the wharves.

They rend the lake asunder  
And cast it on the shores.

Virginia Carvell, '39

### WRITING

Whene'er you see a pretty sight  
Don't you just sit down and write?  
I do.

Elinor Cole, '40

### HARGREAVES SAVES THE DAY

While sitting gloomily on the bench during the Punchard-Johnson game with the score zero-zero, with the ball in Johnson's possession, one of our players failed to rise after a line plunge. I heard the coach cry, "Hargreaves, warm up."

When I entered the game it was the last of the third period. In the last quarter the ball traveled to our forty-yard line. There were about two minutes left in the quarter, with the ball in Punchard's possession.

It was their last down as they dropped back into punt formation. The punt was a long, floating kick. I was playing the safety position, about five yards behind my own goal line. I misjudged the kick and had to catch it on the dead run. I skillfully sidestepped the two ends and zig-zagged my way down the field past all the Punchard players. I crossed the goal line after running one hundred and five yards. Just as I straightened up after contacting the ball, a big tackle hit me and started the birds sweetly singing. Just then I heard a voice in the distance saying, "Come on, get up, it's time to go to school."

James Hargreaves, '37

### THE ART OF EATING SPAGHETTI

Spaghetti-eating is one of the finer arts and is practiced by folks in all up-to-date countries. The tools required are a knife, a fork, and a salt-shaker filled with sand. When the

spaghetti is served, sprinkle it liberally with sand. This will help to keep it from skidding. Next load the fork well above your head and, after tilting your head away back, lower the fork into the mouth. Deposit the spaghetti, take the fork out of your mouth, and repeat the entire process.

Robert Cunningham, '40

### CAUGHT BY MY CAMERA

The silent snow fluttered down on a bare, brown head and large flakes settled on a small boy gazing in a toy shop window. Christmas Eve was supposed to be a gay time, but two fat tear-drops poised on the brink of the little boy's somber eyes. The

snow rustled between the pages of his newspapers as he clung to them with a chapped, grimy hand. He slumped against the window oblivious to the pushes and laughter of the holiday crowds surging around him. His mournful stare was fixed on a bright red fire engine. It really didn't cost much. It was his own money and Christmas Eve, but he knew Mother would need the money a great deal more than he needed the toy. As these thoughts passed through his grown-up mind, childlike tear-drops spilled over and ran down his tiny pinched cheeks. Blinking back the tears he turned and threaded his way through the crowd, carrying his head high and his chin up.

Caroline Chase, '38



### HONORS ANNOUNCED

During the last week of April, Mr. Hayes announced the graduation honors. The valedictory and salutatory, the two highest honors, are to be given by Mason Downing and Thomas McKiernan respectively. The third honor, that of essayist, was given to Caroline Barker.

That same week, the Senior Class elected Edna Cassidy as historian, Robert Sanborn as writer of the will, John Patterson as prophet and Paul Bixby as orator.

The history, prophecy and will were given at the class supper, held June tenth in the school auditorium.

### BIXBY AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP

The North Andover Women's Club presented its annual scholarship to

Paul Bixby of the Senior Class. This is the club's second annual gift to a deserving member of the Senior Class, the recipient of the scholarship being chosen by character and scholastic standing.

We extend our sincere appreciation to the North Andover Women's Club for its generosity; and to Paul Bixby, every best wish for his future success.

### JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Junior and Senior Classes held their annual class supper at 6:30 o'clock on June 10. Wiegel, the caterer, served a delicious chicken supper and during the meal, toasts were made to Mr. Hayes, the Senior Class, the Junior Class, the Girls' Basketball Team and the Boys' Basketball Team. Ernest Roberts, the



president of the Senior Class performed the duties of toastmaster throughout the evening. The different toasts were given by Miss Cook, Mr. Donovan, Mason Downing, Ernest Roberts, Thomas Sullivan, Frederick Coram and Veronica Fitzgerald. Spring flowers colorfully decorated the hall and the evening was entirely successful.

Committee in charge: Seniors—Ernest Roberts, Joseph Maker, Edna Cassidy and Caroline Barker. Juniors—Thomas Sullivan, Edward Cunningham, Rita Roche and Barbara Hainsworth. Advisers—Miss Curley and Miss Buckley.

TRAVEL TALK

On May 5 all Latin classes met the seventh period to hear Mrs. Rockwell's entertaining account of her recent travels in Italy.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

On May 15 the Hi-Y Club sponsored a public speaking contest. Thomas McKiernan presided. Paul Bixby, Milton Howard, Frank Murphy and Matthew Hennessy were the contestants. The first prize, ten dollars, was won by Paul Bixby, who spoke on "The Causes and Effects of War." Milton Howard won second prize for his address on "The Progress of Aviation." Five dollars toward the prizes was donated by the Hibernians. All of the participants did very well.

POSTER CONTEST

A few weeks ago the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sponsored a poster contest. Any school pupils in the state were eligible to enter this contest. Each school was judged independently. James Jorgensen, a student

in the junior class, received the first prize. He was awarded a bronze medal and a blue ribbon. The second prize was won by Mary Wilcox who received a bronze medal and a red ribbon. Johnson High School congratulates these winners.

RADIO PROGRAM

On Wednesday evening, June 2, the Eclectic Club presented a radio program over Station WLLH. Mr. Earl B. Tracy, Principal of the Merimack Grammar School, was the Master of Ceremonies. He opened the program with a description of North Andover, its historical centers and its industries. Following this was a variety program. Among the selections heard was a cornet solo, *Ave Maria*, played by Milton Howard, a junior in Johnson High School. An orchestra, composed of Miss Eleanor Robertson, Herbert Barwell, Jr., Milton Howard and Freeman Hatch, Jr., played some popular selections. Agnes Lumenello of the Center School sang. It was a very enjoyable program and we hope to have more of them in the future.

BOYS' SPORTS  
BASEBALL

The Lowell Suburban League cup is ours!

Johnson	1	Wilmington	3
Johnson	6	Howe	3
Johnson	2	Chelmsford	3
Johnson	5	Brooks	7
Johnson	12	Methuen	3
Johnson	9	Tewksbury	8
Johnson	6	Howe	4
Johnson	4	Punchard	2
Johnson	19	Tewksbury	2
Johnson	7	Chelmsford	6
Johnson	9	Punchard	1
Johnson	7	Wilmington	1
Johnson	9	Methuen	4
Johnson	13	Central Catholic	0

## WITH THE ALUMNI

J. E. Kennedy, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, was recently elected vice-president of the Gold Key, sophomore honorary society, and is a member of the Key and Serpent, a junior honorary society.

Miss Blanche L. Downing, '34, a sophomore at Jackson College, was elected a member of the program committee of the Historical Society for next year. Miss Downing is a member of the Delta Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi, one of four national sororities having chapters on the Tufts campus. She is outstanding in athletics. She was a member of the varsity field hockey team and of the varsity basketball team. She is class representative in the Athletic Association and secretary and treasurer of the Outing Club, and also a member of the News staff of the "Weekly," a newspaper at Tufts.

Elaine Eldredge, '35, received an invitation to attend the Honor Day, held at the University of Georgia every year for all students receiving honors of 90 percent or over.

Hazel Waterhouse, an alumna of J. H. S., is working in the office of the Morehouse Baking Company in Lawrence.

John Phelan, Class of '33, is graduating from Harvard this June.

Thomas Clark, Jr., Class of '33, just completed his first year at Lowell Textile School, where he is studying the Diesel engine.

Alice Roy, Class of '34, has just accepted a new position in "Elsa's Beauty Shop." She had previously been working at "The Petite Beauty Shop" in Lawrence.

Miss Rita Rand, Class of '36, received her nurse's cap on June 3. She recently completed her three months probation period at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

## NUTTY CRACKS

By  
Ima Nut

Heard by the Snoop:

In a restaurant:

Waiter: "Did you call, sir?"

Guest: "No, that was only the fly in my soup buzzing."

Another in the same joint:

"Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?"

"Because the cook put everything he had into it."

In the street:

"When is the only time a woman is justified in spitting in a man's face?"

"When his mustache is on fire."

In school:

"He was kicked out of school for cheating."

"How come?"

"He was counting his ribs in a physiology exam."

In a taxi stand:

"It's not the work I enjoy," said the driver, "it's the people I run into."

Sonny: "Father's been caught by the cannibal chief."

Big Brudder: "So that's what's been eating the old man."

Lots of people skate on thin ice, but Sonja Henie is the only one that gets paid for it.

You can lead a horse to water but a pencil must be lead.

A ship is called "she" because the rigging costs so much.

Miss C. Chapman: "What are nitrates?"

Robert Young: "Night rates are cheaper rates that are offered by the telephone and telegraph company at night."



## EXCHANGES

We received many exchanges this semester, all of them worthy of favorable comment. It is difficult, in the number received, to pick one with which to start our comment, but here goes!

*The Meteor*, Berlin High School,  
Berlin, N. H.

We enjoyed reading your magazine very much. The section "Favorites Among the English Writers," was very well done and of great value. Your literature was also worthy of comment. The manner in which you present your alumni is very unique.

*The Record*, Newburyport High,  
Newburyport, Mass.

Congratulations to the staff of *The Record*! Your school paper is one of the finest we have received. We especially enjoyed the two plays in the April edition. Your joke column is also very well done.

*The Gazette*, Lynn Classical High,  
Lynn, Mass.

*The Gazette* is also a very fine school publication. The story, "Vengeance of the Pharoahs," was extremely interesting. The article "Muliver's Travels" also found much favor among the students.

*Lasell Leaves*, Lasell Junior College,  
Auburndale, Mass.

Your magazine is one of the best. The travel issue was very interesting and helpful. We really enjoyed reading the glimpses of other countries.

Other magazines received and worth mention, although we lack space are, *Red and Gray*, Fitchburg High School, *Hi-Lights*, Tewksbury High School, and *Junior High Lights*, Walter S. Parker Junior High School.

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